



Photo by David Watt

volume 1 number 1

GREETINGS

Through this paper, we are hoping to create an optimistic sense of community through the arts. We will publish criticism as well as original material. As such we welcome all contributions--not just poetry, fiction or criticism, but graphics, photography, whatever. We are not restricted as to what we can include, and we harbor no political restraints. We don't guarantee publication and we have no money--at least not at this time.

Also, we have need of typewriters--preferably an IBM Selectric--at least we need access to one. Additionally, we need general office supplies--we are presently doing the best we can on very limited funds and anything is a help.

All contributions can be sent to 5123 McArthur Boulevard, until we are able to select a permanent office.

These are the people who made this issue
 Margaret Baldwin
 Mark Baldwin
 Ruth Stenstrom
 Ernest Hawkins
 Walter Weaver
 Valentina DuBasky
 Sally Nash
 David Watt
 Bill Levin
 Richard Harrington
 Pat Patterson
 John Hagerhorst *AND STEVE HEATON*
 John Guernsey *ROBIN JOHNSON ROSE*

and thanks to everybody who had faith in us, and who also had patience. Without them we didn't have a chance. The only reason we can't list them all is that we would need an entire separate issue. They all know who they are, so--Thanks and much love...

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Stage Studio an honest education

"... all action in the theatre must have an inner justification, be logical, coherent, and real."

CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKI

Many directors of theatre education say the same thing. The only difference between one director from another is how they apply theoretic techniques, or methods of training. One such director LOUISE BRANDWEN of STAGE STUDIO is that kind of individual who is not only different, but also a professor who has combined her own unique method of acting along with the famous Stanislavski Method, and touches upon the growing Grotowski Method.

Mrs. Brandwen's classes, which are divided into three levels---the beginning, intermediate, and the advanced---participate in separate three hour classes a week. The beginning classes are small and intimate, numbering usually from 12 to 15 students. Each student who wishes to continue from the beginning class is then moved on into her intermediate classes. When that course, of some 15 weeks is finished, the student then progresses to the advanced class.

At the end of the three period course an actor should know whether he or she wishes to adventure into making acting a part of his life. The course is outlined not only to improve the ability of the student-actor for professional or community theatre, but also gives knowledgeable education about the world of theatre.

Many college drama scenes are strict, and organized in such a manner that the student often is oppressed by homework, papers that are due, tests, and the established environment of competition, that hinders the student-actor from concentrating on his own personal goals as an actor.

At STAGE STUDIO the student is welcomed to be himself. The atmosphere is called "home" and while you are attending it might as well be. The studio is not interested in whether you are a "middle class straight student" or the so-called "hip-oriented student". The importance is stressed more around the individual's desire to learn how to act, know who he is, and to be aware that there are other human beings who are interested in the same world of art.

Levels of communication and education in becoming the actor that LOUISE BRANDWEN emphasizes are: sensory awareness, personality development, improvisational theatre, characterization, voice and diction, body control, scene study, workshop production and concentration.

What can the beginning student anticipate in the first class meeting? Actually the answer is nothing. Mrs. Brandwen's method of teaching is a combination of planned action and spontaneity. As a director she is there to assist with her knowledge, to guide you into the right direction, but most of the work is a unity where the student is pulling strings along with his fellow students, and at the end is Mrs. Brandwen sharing the same vibrations.

Vibrations play a great percentage in the art of acting at STAGE STUDIO. The accent is both on the physical and mental vibrations that can be communicated to a fellow actor. It sounds superficial, talking about sending one's vibrations, but it isn't. The student-actor will discover that there are energies in every human being. The student learns to relax, concentrate, and direct those energies to cause an action, an emotion, and an awareness of existence within a created environment by himself. Resulting from a total awareness, the student-actor can then create in control. From this created control, birth is given to a characterization that performs definite actions on stage, emotes freely, paints the images of words for the audience and finally gives the intention of the play and the playwright.

LOUISE BRANDWEN is an educator who knows what she is teaching. She has been in the theatre 25 years. For the past 10 years she has been teaching and directing.

She received her theatrical training at the Actor's Lab on the West Coast with other members of the Group Théâtre under Morris Carnovsky and Leon Bulgakov from the original Moscow Theatre. She also studied under Michael Chekhov at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City.

As an actress she has been under contract to Universal

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lightsoundjoy lightsound

LIGHTS BY US
EXPLOSION OF COLOR by Walter

Back in '67, three freaks from D. C., Joel Mednick, Tony Rinistra, and Cort Rogers, landed in the Haight to dig the new culture. While wandering, they discovered a neat thing called the Fillmore. They were dazed with the impact the light show gave to a concert, and so decided D. C. needed something this far out. Paul Hawkins and Scott Barlett of Frisco, were contacted to come East and help set up the theater that became known as the Ambassador. They informed the Ambassador Company that they needed fourteen carousel projectors, four overhead projectors, and six 16mm's. The stationary show was set up with all the different manipulations of light, ready and waiting to be used.

So was the birth of the Psychedelic Power and Light Co. At that time, anyone and everyone who had any interest in the new art form of mixed media, was allowed to work and learn with these two from Frisco. Paul and Scott eventually left and went back West, after leaving their mark on our hero (the Light show.)

While the show was still in its elementary stage, performances were given by the then almost unknown Jimi Hendrix and others who went on to become big names.

One weekend the show was visited by Glenn McKay of "Headlights," the show that travels with the Airplane. McKay taught the company the art of mixing the oil and water compounds that are used over the opaque projector to get the liquid effect on the screen. To the layman, mixing the chemicals looks like a simple process, but there is an intricate knowledge needed to know when to add

one chemical or the other to get the desired effect. Glenn McKay is described as a genius by his students at the Ambassador. Although they couldn't understand half of what he was rapping about at the time, months and even years later, they found his teachings to be "fuckin' far out."

As the evolution of the show staff progressed, Tony and Cort split. Mike Saaks, who was doing publicity posters for the Ambassador, teamed up with Joel and introduced organic slides. Organic slides are conglomerations of color dyes, painted on a 2 x 2 piece of glass and shown through the carousel projector. This technique is used along with the natural photographs of earlier discovery. Although the finished picture cannot be foretold, the skill is in knowing how and where to place dyes and chemicals to get a pleasant mixture of color.

The effect is usually a still splash in varying color. This is meshed with something called the theory of Metrix. Metrix is putting two slides together, showing them from two different projectors, and creating a picture that fills the whole screen.

joy

LIGHT BY US will appear locally as follows:

Feb. 6--Lisner Auditorium--Love Cry
Feb. 24--Fillmore East--Love Cry
Mar. 7--T. C. Williams High School--Tractor & Byrds
Mar. 17--Fillmore East--Tractor

Over this, the hand controlled liquid dance from the overhead projectors is pulsed back and forth in time with the music. At the same time, the 16mm's are working with moving picture loops which provide even more movement to the pulsing liquid. The slides, which are blacking out on one part of the screen and showing up a second later on another, all give a strobe moving flow of light.

Sublimination is the most mystical part of the show. The process involves flashing pictures at such a fast rate that the eye can't catch it but the mind responds. This gives the audience the experience of blowing their heads trying to discover why they are thinking of a particular image when they know damn well they didn't see it.

When the Ambassador closed, Mike Saaks teamed up with Jerry Marmelstein and put together a portable show. Through months of hard work, starving and scraping bread together for more and more equipment, the show, after changing its name to LIGHT BY US, has finally arrived at one of the best, if not the best light shows in the East!

"Using the concept of matrixing and sublimination, LIGHT BY US is moving away from the abstract psychedelics normally associated with a light show. US feel that the mixed media must be capable of producing an emotional response to light, as well as music, dance, etc. Until now, light shows and music have been independent media, both striving for attention and therefore usually conflicting. US hopes to bring both light and sound into one joyous experience for all."

Jerry Marmelstein
Mike Saaks

STARTING FRIDAY FEBRUARY 20

two films by Frederick Wiseman

law&order (emmy award)

"best documentary of year" Newsweek

high school

"two of the most urgent & socially significant american documentaries of the decade" Gary Arnold's POST thru 18th "Life Love Death" - LeTouch

	the BIOGRAPH 2819 M St. N.W., Georgetown FE 3-2696 DISCOUNT PARKING, 3053 M ST., N.W.	
	Perf. at 6, 7:30, 9, 10:30	

"Jane dear, would you mind coming up to the classroom for a minute"

thin silver voice sings out from starched white linen funnel that leads to the nun's sun-shielded face. Laughter of sunshine friends punctuated by bounce of balls stay behind on the concrete playground as I climb the dark into the classroom.

Each step is cold and damp. The walls squeeze my heart until it wants to jump out of my body and run away down the stairs

into the sunshine, over the walls with glass spikes carefully placed along their tops so the little girls going to school there would not attempt to climb over them and escape into the world of sun.

But of course, as everyone agrees, a heart should always be within the body and must always go where the body will take it---to places of laughter and to places of tears, whether it will or not.

O.K. heart of Jane, here we are back in a situation that might be hazardous to your equilibrium.

"Well my dear come and sit down beside me"(how innaplicable that word to the layers of skirt, cardboard chest and head that has no hair)

"Tell me do you pray" it said to me. Oh Lord what shall I do. Heart don't take flight. Yes I pray but Lord I can't say it because then they will think they have won me. And for my life, I'm scared of them and do not want to be other than flesh and blood like my mother and father and brother and sister.

It will mean

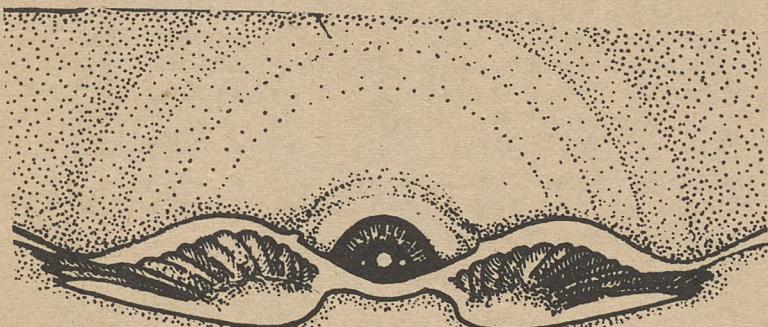
They have won me.

"No chere soeur," I said.

"Tut, tut. Well dear I think it would help you a lot.

And tell me dear, were you baptised?

Chere soeur I wasn't baptised because I was born during the war, you see, and my mother could not leave the house to go to the church because the church was no longer there. And we might not have lived through the journey because the bombers were always in our sky. Chere soeur what else can I say to make my mother free from blame?



"That certainly would have been the least she could have done for you---to save your soul from eternal damnation
eternal damnation
fire and screams unearthly
punishment for always in hell.
The sweet voice tripped lightly over the words and left me writhing in terror.
To hell. O mother take me back into your skirt and shield me from this horrible fate, make me believe in my goodness
Show me that this little girl with pounding heart will not receive punishment eternal.

The afternoon sun breaks into the chapel. Chere soeur is walking us through the stations of the cross--a great bird followed by a jumble of girls in hats that hide their solemn faces

In the mass of darkness, a shiny red apple gleams in a small hand.

The deep silence is broken by the squeaky crunch of teeth into apple flesh.

It was taking forever.

Warm and sticky I could not think of what to do with it and felt guilty thinking of an apple at a time like this.

A light whisper:"Jane put the apple down somewhere dear,"

Dark hats turn and look at this transgressor.

Ashamed I find a place for it behind a dark curtain where I leave it to rot.

O mother, my mother will show me that everything's allright.

My books weigh me down as I walk home at dusk, a small dark figure, its face hidden by a wide hat. With all the courage my heart can muster I walk stiffly along the wall of my fog-shrouded crematorium--I look straight down at my feet as I walk--dull brown-shod feet. I dare not look right or left what awful feelings lie behind these heavy walls
And behind the yew hedge on my left is the Karl Marx Cemetery.

Margaret Baldwin

MOTION

Dance in D. C. by Sally Nash

If you go into any dance studio in this city, you will encounter approximately the same thing: dressed in special clothes which they would not wear anywhere else, a spaced-out look on their faces, acknowledging no one else in the room, aspiring dancers-in-training are going through a series of arbitrary movements, difficult to coordinate, and totally unconnected to anything they will ever have to do in their lives but perform dance.

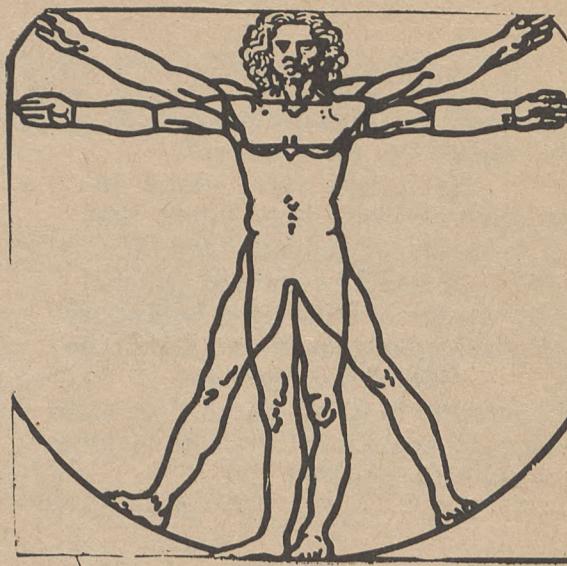
Their movement is narcissistic; it is also extraordinarily inorganic, full of unnecessary tensions that eventually become mannerisms. The movement is selected by the teacher because it develops bodies which can perform the choreography of the teacher, and this is usually a variation of one of the basic classical techniques of dance; ballet or modern (ballet-based), each has a rigidly fixed vocabulary. In a few places there will be moments in the class devoted to improvisation. (It's called the "creative" section of the class.) The teacher gives a problem to solve: be a flower growing, express sorrow, dance how this music makes you feel.

The student either recombines the vocabulary his body has become addicted to, or if he's still a "beginner" and hasn't seen too much dance, he shuts his eyes and madly tries to really express what he feels, knowing that the teacher will consider anything he does from the gut, deep and original.

The result is almost always constipated or diarrheic: tremendous inner energy with no means of expression. He has none of the physical skills--endurance, strength, flexibility, balance, coordination--to do anything he doesn't normally do in life.

He doesn't know how, either physically or mentally, to get past the stage of comfortable movement. After several years, if the student has the right kind of body (not fat, turned out, between fifteen and forty), and shows the proper devotion, he may be lucky enough to be selected for the company. At this point he is forced into choreography which has been designed for someone else's body and is usually a showcase for the soloist-choreographer. He becomes a fancy kind of Rockette, performing in special places called theaters where the performers pretend that the audience doesn't exist.

From my point of view (and my training has been of exactly the kind described above), most attempts to approach movement from the opposite viewpoint, "everybody do their own thing," have failed too. In a culture where dance is not an important part of ritual, where moments of pushing oneself beyond the comfortable point in any physical activity are rare, people are not able to make full use of free dance situations.



They are caught at exactly the same point as the "beginner" in an improvisation class. For example, all of the audience participation pieces I have been involved with have ended up in the same way--a circular hugging huddle which eventually gallops away with itself and disintegrates--a fine beginning, but it rarely goes further.

Totally untrained people don't have the strength or flexibility or familiarity with their bodies to move freely. They also don't have a conception of dance that helps them know

what to do. We, as a culture, are unconscious of the communicative value of movement that we don't see the raw material of everyday gestures as our own dance vocabulary, only needing extending and development. Nor do we see how tasks become dances as people perform them.

A man building a house, a child playing with a ball, or a nervous secretary typing, point out the most essential elements of exciting movement, but we are blind to any experience which is not labelled dance by its placement in a theater, studio, or other audience-oriented situation.

Clearly some training would be helpful, but it should be a training which makes use of the diversity of human bodies and of movement styles as an expression of total personality. It should allow people more new ways of interacting, not more ways of pretending that each other doesn't exist.

It should allow dance to become an awareness that is part of our lives, not something which we do in special places at special times in special clothes.

The really incredible thing is that these forms of movement training already exist; not one professional dance studio makes use of any of them. Yoga, Alexander Technique, Sensitivity Group Experiences, Acting Improvisation Exercises like those developed by Grotowski, The Living Theatre, Viola Spolin--all of these improve physical skill and expand horizons in terms of movement conception. Running, rock-climbing, ice-skating, folk dancing are better body builders than ballet technique and they impose neither a set vocabulary nor a style.

In my own teaching, at Hawthorne School and at the Schurch Street Theatre, I am trying to begin to

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Light
kindled of peacock feathers of gold
and glass
divides the room by four
and shadows melt the corners away
seething essence and only pure
breathless my mind sees Energy

Light
and Space. Angels marauding
on my eyelids weave candlelight colors with
glazed visions to
wild tones.
united in that private hallucination
where, unashamed, I am most honest

Light created of energy creators
of Space

whose mystery and miracles and changes
call to our own perfect understanding
that kindling
which makes us Gods.

Valentina DuBasky



Photo by Bill Levin

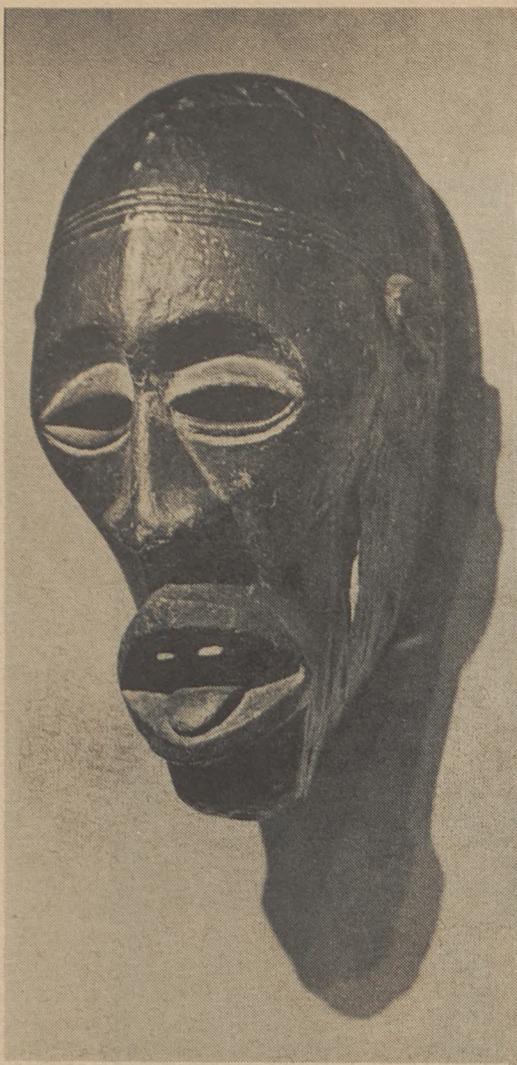
Conversation between Raphael, Lucifer, a purple Giraffe
and Martin Luther King

Brother Martin Luther King doesn't say much anymore
noticed Raphael. Just a moment before the brother
had floated into a corner and would not come out.
he jest sits and sits.

Lucifer, chewing on the venetian blinds only
said, yes, I've been meaning to talk to him about
reality
so saying

he changed into a tree and then into a clock
and then, into the eyes of a queen.
Finally he blew himself into a Fantasy
and challenged Raphael
But Raphael laughed and laughed for he wasn't
even in the same room this time. Meanwhile
Martin Luther King kept getting smaller
and smaller
and all the while, the purple giraffe kept
crying to himself because it does matter who
you are.

Valentina DuBasky



African Art Exhibit

Photos by David Watt

National
Gallery
of Art





Photo by Pat Patterson

"Z" & "Stasis" - Awareness

As a piece of film-making, "Z" is exceptional - virtually flawless in its pace, photography and acting, in its drama and believability, in its nuances and in the involvement in its message that it compels. Because of that, it has to be experienced to appreciate how outrageous that message is.

Directed by Constantin Costa-Gavras, "Z" follows the book closely, a minute documentation of one of those Unfortunate Accidents/Acts of God/Legitimate Acts of Law that paranoid people think are deliberate works of oppression.

In this case, it is the offing of Gregorios Lambrakis, professor of Medicine at the University of Athens and liberal leader of the opposition, who was run down by a three-wheeled delivery van after a let-us-have-reason speech to a Friends of Peace anti-Polaris assembly. The movie is verbatim. While the setting is not Greece, but rather some deliberately ambiguous French-speaking Everywhere, every incident happened, and every character has a counterpart in life. Only the names are changed, or simply dropped. Yves Montand is the deputy, innamed in the film. The driver of the truck is called Vago (played by Marcel Bozzuffi). In real life, his name is Spiro.

(Montand, Bozzuffi, Irene/Papas, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Georges Geret, and the others are all excellently anonymous for Costa-Gavras. The only flat acting is by Jacques Perrin, as the Journalist, but he produced the film.)

The movie begins with the Inspector-General explaining to his assembled aides the method of controlling the grape vine virus, an apt comparison with those political bacteria who are abroad, he notes in a sermon on patriotism which is literally not up to the standards of brothers Johnson, Nixon, Mitchell (and Mrs.). Of course, he says, we would not prohibit their freedom of speech, but we would not prohibit those who oppose them, either. The pigs dig.

Cut to the bacteria, being hassled over the site of a meeting hall for the Deputy's speech, and finally accepting a small union hall the police suggest. The opposition, by coincidences no doubt, are perfect characterizations of the Kennedy gang. Matt is the square-faced, handsome reformer whose tie should be over his shoulder. Manuel is the thin-faced staff radical. There's at least one chic, tough-talking chick-behind-the-men. The Deputy is cool and charismatic; ditto his serene and intelligent wife, even with the hint that the Deputy likes girls.

The Bolshoi is in town the night of the Deputy's speech, and all the brass and chrome attend. At the assembly, the police ignore the rednecks, who manage to club the Deputy on his way into the hall, and when he comes out after the speech, the police line opens to let the van through. Apparently only we see Yage, in back, rise up and crush his brain with a club. (Among other things, Z is an exceptional documentary on the use and effect of the police billy.)

by
Mark
Baldwin



Under pressure, the government appoints a tame investigating judge, and the search for truth, the thriller part of the tale, begins.

Will the pigs be able to prevent themselves from discovering themselves? (As the depth of their corruption unfolds, so does the inkling that they'll get away.

Will the heroes realize the absurdity of the government correcting itself, and yet remaining itself?

Most of all, will the viewer be able to cope with being outraged at the same kind of detail for detail fascism that was supposed to be outrageous 35 years ago? With the same kind of fascism -- detail for detail -- which nominates presidents in this democracy? With the same kind of fascism -- detail for detail -- which tries political prisoners in this country? With the same kind of fascism that investigates pricks in the public conscience in this country? (Actually, in this America's fascism is more efficient than in Z.) With the same fascism that is wiping out the Panthers? (Except that America does not feel it necessary, for appearances, to use a civilian auxiliary.)

What does outrage mean?

Le Soir in Brussels seems to have hit it: "It is rare to see a film where we are morally shaken to a point such as this, where we are forced to 'live' in a state of revolt for two hours."

More acceptable perhaps -- more acceptable than two hours of revolt -- were the incredible but true reactions by some of the Washington Specials who were invited to the champaign opening of the New Cerberus, where Z is at.

A gentleman of about fifty, asked whether he thought the film was true, said, "Oh, I don't know much about that."

A Peck & Peck girl, asked the same; "Oh yes, I've been in Spain."

A silver templed attorney: "Was it fiction? I don't care to comment on that. I just went to see a movie."

An elderly couple, he "in business." Is it true? Sure, it could be. I wasn't there."

She: "It gave me a headache. There was too much reading."

The film is in French, with subtitles. If neither they nor the message give you a headache, the chic New Cerberus might. Though the interior was totally redesigned as a movie house (unlike the proprietors' Janus I and II), the viewing arrangement is awful. If you don't get there early enough to get one of the few seats in the center, you'll get a fine case of distortion. See Z anyway, though.

STASIS

"Z" is more real, and therefore more powerful than "The Battle of Algiers," another excellent political documentary which sacrifices some impact though, by weaving in dramatic characters. For the viewer, "Z" is not more real than "Stasis" a purely dramatic film with a very similar impact.

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Rod: Yeah, its very easy and natural, outside.

Larry: One place we worked this summer, and I guess not many people heard about it, up at Lake Amidor in California; there was somewhere between 30 and 50 thousand people, a really nice concert (the Gold Rush Festival).

Rod: The good one nobody heard about...

Larry: Obviously, the Stone's thing put a damper on concerts. That was just a case example of bad organization. You can't really put the blame anywhere, on any particular people. It got to the point where they really couldn't do anything except have it, because rumors had been going around so long, everyone was up for it. So many changes came on at the last minute, they just should have called it off. But it was impossible, an inevitable disaster... it could have been much worse.

WoodWind: Do you get a lot of dancing wherever you go?

Larry: Different places, most things are concert-oriented even if chairs aren't there, that's the general idea. It's groovy to have people listening to what you're doing, paying attention to what's going on, but then it's also nice if they really get into it and start dancing.

Lydia: I don't think I really like theater-type, sit-down chairs- it's too formal.

Rod: It sort of confines the crowd, too. Our first stop in Houston, the club was a very large club and they didn't have much publicity. They had chairs and the people who came sat in the chairs and crossed their legs and didn't know what to do with themselves. I felt like telling them, Get rid of the chairs, throw them away, sit on the floor, boogie...

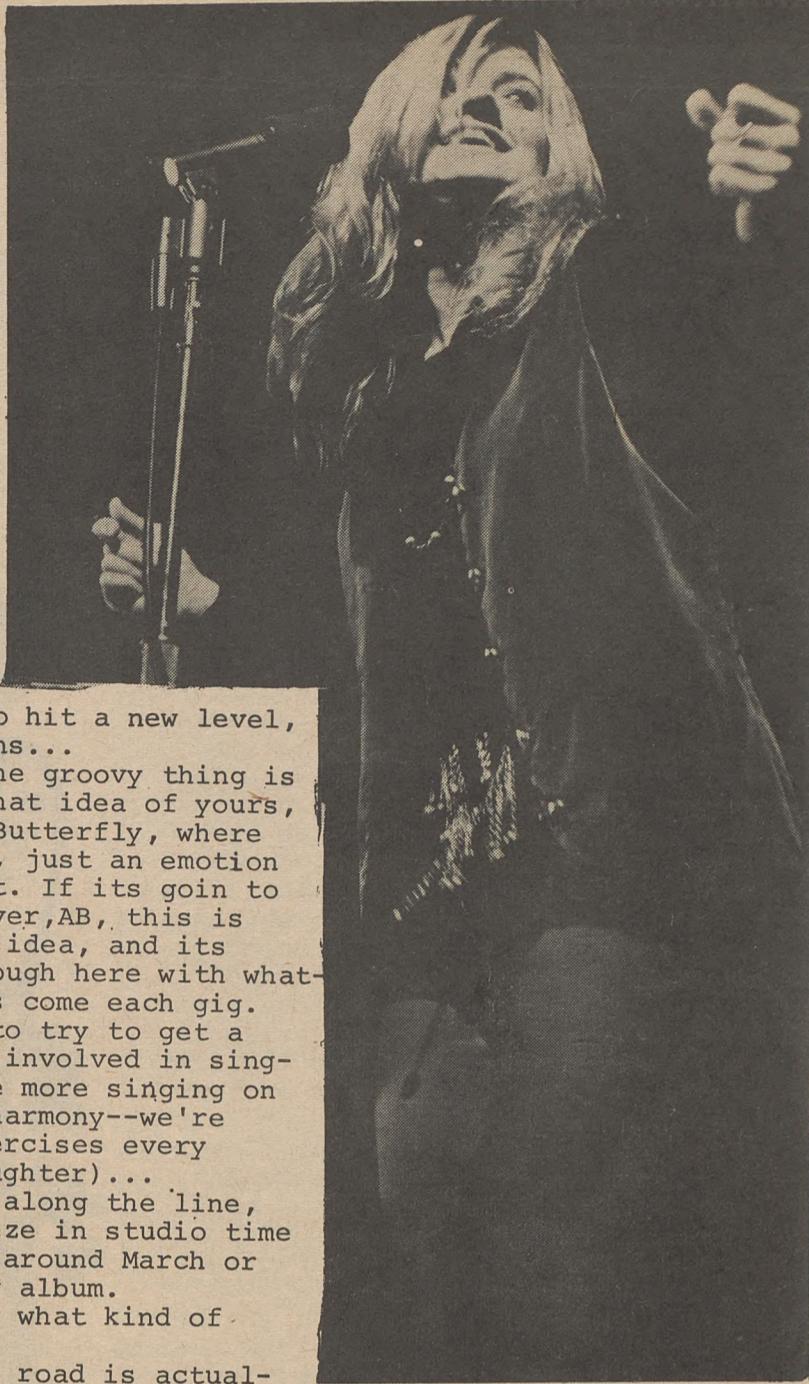
WoodWind: Where do you see yourselves going from here, musically?

Larry: I think funk orientation...

Lydia: I think we'll try things more free.



Lydia



Dan: We've got to hit a new level, less restrictions...

Raul: I think the groovy thing is to take, like that idea of yours, the Death of a Butterfly, where there's an idea, just an emotion and play on that. If it's going to be ABA or whatever, AB, this is going to be one idea, and it's going to go through here with whatever transitions come each gig.

Rod: We're going to try to get a few more people involved in singing, there'll be more singing on the next album, harmony--we're doing vocal exercises every morning (much laughter)...

Larry: Somewhere along the line, we have to squeeze in studio time again, probably around March or April, for a new album.

Josh: Do you know what kind of material?

Larry: New... the road is actually really good for getting new material together.

Dan: It's conducive to the imagination, finding things to keep itself busy.

Larry: We're thinking of maybe working a double album, with some live stuff. It gives us an opportunity to cover both sides, studio and live- in one album you can't really do that. We're going to have some more just straight rhythm things, which we really didn't get into on the first album- a lot more rhythm instruments.

WoodWind: When you're in San Francisco, do you all live together?

Larry: No, we're spread out all over the Bay area, about as far apart as we can get. Not intentionally (laughter) This is the most time we've spent together; it's really been good though. It's really made it a group. A lot of people didn't know things about each other (laughter again). There's good and there's bad. But we've gotten along a lot better on the road than a lot of groups. There's times when you really want to be together, and there's times you want to be alone.



Lydia: I think it's easier with 9 people, than with 5 or 6. There's more people, three people go off together, or two people- they're always together... so it's one big happy family...

Rod: or, ... three unhappy families (laughter)

Dan: or just like a maniac roving psycho-ward (even more laughter)...

Lydia: You've got to have something to relieve the grind...

LASER 10

The Smithsonian Institution Museum of History & Technology has put together a very large and impressive show in its basement. The subject of the show is the laser, and as far as I am concerned the only flaw in the whole presentation is the low light-level.

Flaw first, and virtues afterwards: it is obvious that if one is going to show off lasers, one cannot do it in a bright room. The fact that the light level in the LASER 10 room is low is not at question. The problem is that in many places the level of light and placing of reading material combined to make it almost literally impossible for anyone to read the commentaries. Perhaps this could be fixed a bit if enough specific complaints were given to Laser 10's curators.

But now, on to the virtues and the overall feeling of the show. Like virtually all the other shows in the Smithsonian, it covers its subject with thoroughness in diverse usage and thoroughness in historical perspective. What the laser is, can become, has been, is used for are explained.

Filmstrips, movies, animations, many working lasers of all kinds, occasional demonstrations with lecturers contribute to the effect. The darkness of the room, though necessary for showing the lasers and though harmful on legibility, as mentioned before, is successfully used in accentuating the aura of mystery, and in enhancing the punch of the Laser in the bare fact of its existence.

Everyone talks about the laser, but no one really says anything very interesting about it after a few opening remarks. How many different interesting things have you ever heard heard about lasers?

Housewives and children, it seems to me, will get as much as possible at this time from the Smithsonian show. There are numbers of displays which allow the participating-visitor to play with some kind of mechanism and watch a pretty pattern change accordingly. The commentary seems to be as nearly a combination of comprehensive and comprehensible as could be hoped for.

What is a laser? Why is it interesting? Why is it relevant to the arts? What is it like? What will it do?

Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation. LASER. That's where the name came from. Most of them look like a metal box with a few wires, perhaps a strange glass tube, and a generalized oblong shape.

A laser is interesting because it produces light which has got it together to a very high degree. By this I mean that the light is all of one color-pure frequency, for one thing. For another, it is all pointing in the same direction-pure focus. The last component of purity of Laser light is called phase. This is the hardest to understand. The closest I can come to it is to say that the entire light is vibrating "together", rather than in a jumble, like all non-laser light. It's not easy to visualize, but it is very important.

Lasers, I think, can be used right now in the arts in literally thousands of fruitful ways. Some artists are playing around with weak lasers already. Some of the ways that lasers can be used in the arts can be outlined and catalogued by making note of the three basic kinds of extreme purity of laser light.

First of all, pure color. Artists are interested in colors, many of them, and obviously a laser could be utilized to produce with high precision the purity of color which an artist wanted in his work. Lasers can be tuned, some of them, to various colors - always quite pure and so an artist could use several lasers and obtain several intense pure colors.

Next, purity of direction or focus. The laser can be aimed with an accuracy which is astounding enough to be frequently reported in the popular press. A laser has measured the distance from the earth to the moon with an accuracy of 6 inches. When you point a flashlight, the beam spreads out and disperses even from one side of a room to another. A laser beam spreads out and disperses much more slowly than that. It keeps its directionality over millions of miles. Light sculpture can use this.

Purity of phase is the most puzzling but also by far the most useful. The best analogy I've heard to the purity of laser light and the impurity of all other light is the idea of throwing one large rock into the middle of a still pond and watching the ripples as an example of laser phase; and throwing a very large handful of pebbles, rocks and sand in as an example of regular light.

Purity of phase has the most promise for artists, partly because it provides the possibility of making three-dimensional images, called holograms. Words like interference patterns, phase cancellation and phase-reinforcement are used in explaining to laymen how holograms are formed. I don't understand them well at all myself, and I cannot for the life of me figure out a way to convey very much of what I understand. Let it suffice for me to

give a very crude outline and attest to the fact that the three-dimensional image most certainly was there.

A hologram is a crystal or a photographic plate. In order to get a very basic understanding of how it works, let us imagine it to be a blackboard with a regular rectangular array of holes bored into it. There are many holes, but each one is big enough for us to look through.

Now let us imagine next that we are going to place the blackboard in a fixed position facing the object we are going to make a hologram of. Let us make the subject-matter a room full of desks, just to go with the blackboard.

If I look out of the upper-left hole, I see a scene in the room with certain objects obscuring others. This is the kind of view I get if I make a regular, non-three-dimensional photograph through this hole. If I move over to the lower-right hole, however, the arrangement of desks in the room will certainly appear different as a result of the change of my perspective.

In an actual hologram, the crystal or plate registers all the light reaching it from all directions at every point. In other words, all that I see at the upper-left hole is registered at that point on the hologram I was making; likewise for the hole to the right of it, and so on throughout all the surface of the blackboard. There are no arrays of little photographs on the surface of a hologram, but there might as well be. Lasers, with their purity of phase, make it practical construct for the viewer the image which he saw through the hole. If he moves to another hole, that hole's image is there as well, having been put there in the process of making the hologram.

Is that worse than no explanation? I'm not surprised. Anyway, the things work and they are strange. Little green dice turning around and around, undersea submarines jumping out at you. They are real.

Steve Whealton

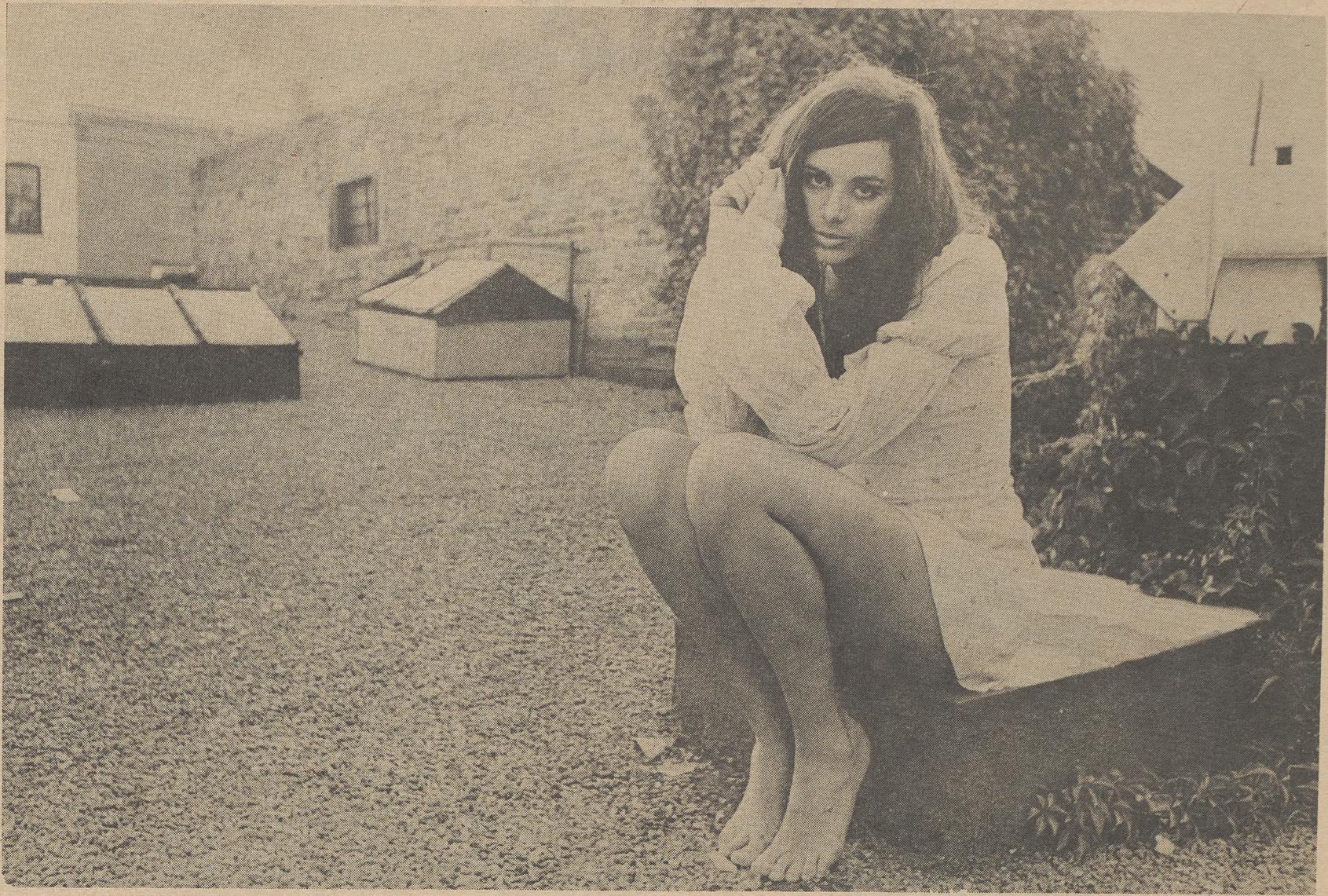


Photo by David Watt

THE SIXTH SENSE



THE SIXTH SENSE

7404 BALTIMORE
AVENUE

COLLEGE PARK,
MARYLAND

277-1322



joy ride

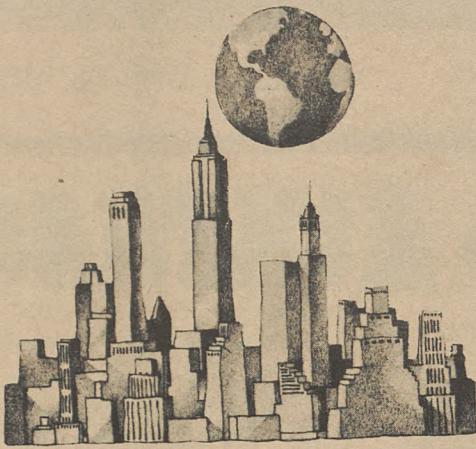
to feel you fullmoon
 wander in the worlds
 escaping in the night
 a babe in the darkness
 searching -

the sky, the blue, the black,
 and my seed into your soil
 lays rested atop of the valley
 picking fruits

for your lips are gold
 my heart shines
 like a star on a clear winter
 keeping warm-giving, light,
 touching -

to quiver&bend with your limbs
 (i have grown) for a short time
 and the wind of your voice has spoken

kindly, and not asked that i
 be harvested -
 take my limbs too, my darling
 and swing in your rubberinnertube.



WHO'S AT THE ZOO?

Doc used to take me down to the boats
 by this place where i had fished
 where once he cooked, & cut hair
 on a Navy ship before sunset

'cause he like to come home and
 whip me when i weren't good and
 after that we would go to the Zoo

where this monkey who sat like me
 would laugh at us while eating
 peanuts, sometimes BIGfolks came

by with cameras snapping at flies
 because it was mostly near hottest
 in august and sweaten in the summer.
 an't uncommon for people; especially
 while watching&being watched eatin'
 bananas, throwing the peelins on the ground
 and just about that time the litterman
 came with his can and balled 'em out -

the monkey laughed while somersaulting
 again&again&again with a photographic smile.

three poems

by e.r. hawkins

time is roundwheel

time is roundwheel
 of repetition
 that seems to walk
 onward, heavy in its own endless counting.

when time stops, the world walks backwards
 trying to catch up with itself
 in the crowd
 on every street.

a lonely crowd
 crawls around
 wormly
 investigating,
 complaining,
 waiting . . . for someone
 to wind them all back up.

(turn softly the screw
 that places all so sudden), for

oops&off they go
 with hands waving
 around the world
 with of course (why not)
 smiles&Even sweet kisses
 all perfect and armed
 for combat
 to change the Same
 bring the Peace
 to a zeroing End.

& like one way into the other way
 without looking first
 at the end of the road
 a highway sign reads:
 DANGER
 LIFE is only a moment long
 looking into your face . . .
 and touching
 just enough
 makes everything Square.

THE BYRDS
tractor
march 7 1970

T.C Williams HS Auditorium Alex Va

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 all seats reserved

tickets on sale at Hang Ups Maximus
 Spider's Web Sixth Sense Empire
 Music - alester grossman production

OCCULT

THE GREAT DECEPTION

A great religious hoax has been played on the world. The mass of the population of the world has cried and bickered since recorded history that they are striving for and hoping for the basic good. I am speaking of the mass that practices worship of an entity called God.

The best-selling book on the market has been for a long time the Bible. The Bible is a nice book, full of nice allegories and probably some good history. The Bible preaches that God is the good, and Satan the bad. However, if one would just take a look around, you can see who is practicing the mass killing and incredible suffering of the peoples of this planet. Since far back in history, men and women have gone off to war under the banner of repenting sinners and destroying evil.

On the other hand, people who are into the practice of witchcraft, sorcery and devil worship, keep to themselves. They don't mass in the thousands and proclaim devastation on the earth. They do proclaim annihilation to personal enemies. They practice weird rites, perform magic and are eager to claim the greatest form of pure energy cast on us all by the white light. This energy is love. Not love for killing. Not love for money. But love for fellow beings that are capable of receiving, magnifying and returning it.

God claims love for all "his children," yet still we look around and see starvation, war, and most frightening of all, the perversion of beings. Beings on this planet have sung about, talked about, and thought about this strange inexplicable thing of love for eons. Yet the world is full of hate, politics, greed, and

all the other horrors you can bring to mind.

Now ask yourself why. If God is all merciful and loves everyone, why is it there is so much misery in the thing he said he created? Persons who accept the idea that God "works in strange ways, and one must have faith to enter the gates of heaven," are fools.

Look at it logically. If someone came up to you and punched you in the mouth, then turned around and told you he loves you...then again punched you in the mouth, wouldn't it seem odd that the person could continue to ravage your face, while feeling real love? It seems that way to me.

Doesn't it seem odd that if God were the creator, he would create such a thing as evolution, where millions upon millions of beings die and suffer because some other being has a more powerful body? Does it seem strange to you that the old adage, "the good guy comes in last" is true. Look around you. Can't you see the mother fuckers having all the power and money and pleasure, while the meek, mild people who just want peace in existence are continually pounced upon and sometimes almost strangled out of existence.

The answers to all the questions are very simple. God has deceived the mass population into believing

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that Satan is the cause of all the destruction. It seems funny, if God is as powerful as is claimed, why then does he not run his world in a powerful loving way?

The fact is that God has his dirty hands on the heads of most of earth, and while Satan is a powerful being, he cannot gain control of the earth when God has raped it with hate. God directly contradicts his own commandments when he sends people out to kill off the "foe of the good."

Find a witch or wizard and ask them to give you some of their love.

The power of love is as great as the power of faith that is spoken of in the Bible.

Love,
Walter Warlock



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reasonable clothing

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

Studios, performed on the New York stage, and did camp shows in World War II. While involved in radio work, she was awarded the "Mary Astor Show Case."

From acting LOUISE BRANDWEN shifted her creativity into the field of teaching and directing. For seven years she was the head of the Adult Drama Workshop and directed several productions at the Washington Theatre Club. Then in 1966, she founded STAGE STUDIO at 1627 (rear) Connecticut Avenue, N. W.

Although the studio is only four years old, many of her students have already branched off to perform at Arena Stage, Theatre Lobby, and the Washington Theatre Club. Others have gone into professional stage and film work in such places as New York and Hollywood.

Also, during those four years the theatre has grown to provide for opportunities in Speech, under the direction of Mrs. Billy Spencer of Catholic University; in Pantomime and Body Exercises, under the direction of Mr. Robert Fabik; and student classes for teens and children, under the direction of Miss Charlene James, a former student of STAGE STUDIO.

The vitality of the Studio, can be witnessed by a visit to its newly painted building. For several weekends, students participated in re-designing the exterior of the Studio with "Super-graphic" lettering, designed by Mark Loewinger, a student of architecture at Catholic University. His graphic presentation not only represents the message of

Stage Studio, but also respect the architecture of the building.

As a new facet of the Studio, students are creating a film library of their acting exercises. STAGE STUDIO is surely a center of where it's happening.

"... know who you are, where you are, what you want and play you action . . ."

LOUISE BRANDWEN

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6**

change some of the existing attitudes toward dance. The Church Street Theater (1742 Church St., N. W.) has offered their space for experimental works in any of the performing arts on three Wednesday nights this spring.

If you are interested in appearing in, or helping to plan this series, please contact me. They are the Georgetown Workshop Dance Group (formerly on Wisconsin Avenue) in a new place, with a broader, and more experimental program than any other dance group in town.

The technique which they teach is basically Cunningham, the least offensive to me of any modern dance technique except Hanya Holm's, which is based on yoga principles and is not taught in the city. I am doing choreography for stage pieces with their company, trying to make use of individual movement styles, and am also interested in using people from the outside, particularly extreme types who would offset the sameness of their highly trained company.

I am also trying to work outside of theater situations, at art galleries, museums, parks, where there are already public gatherings around events (did an interesting guerilla dance permeation of an Inaugural Ball last year, for instance), and would be interested in hearing from people with ideas for these situations too.

I can be reached at 483-9179, 554-3144 (Hawthorne School), or 387-4000 (Church Street Theatre.)



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"Best picture of the year."

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MAX MORATH

by Ernest Hawkins

"Mas Morath: At the Turn of the Century," is a one-man show in two acts, presented by Circle in the Square at Ford's Theatre. A Norman Kean Production, the show will run until February 16, 1970.

STAFF FOR CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE AT FORD'S THEATRE

Artistic Director...Theodore Mann
Managing Director.....Paul Libin
Associate Director..Gillian Walker

Max Morath is at the turn of the century, and you are right there behind him. And if you aren't part of that generation that is beyond the middle-age-spread years, it doesn't matter. What Morath does to music, jokes, stories, and history is as good as grandmother's old home brew. It is an evening of education, the kind of education that has been misplaced in our high schools and college campuses.

Morath's material is a masterpiece. It informs us that between the years of 1890 to 1920 there was a revolution or evolution in the social history of music in America. Negro composers, Scott Joplin, Bert Williams and other who are nameless, faceless and forgotten, contributed and influenced inspiration in such men as Irving Berlin, Joseph F. Lamb and George M. Cohan. Together, black and white men at the coming change of the times, gave birth to "Ragtime," America's first--"our own thing."

Historians know history year by year. Max Morath music step by step, beat per beat, as well as the history of the era. He is up there on stage to inform, educate and entertain. He does just that. He prepares his audience about such great eras as Prohibition and Women's Suffrage, and with perfect timing and precision, he delivers jokes like, "The government (in 1900) was expanding--to meet the needs of the expanding government." On alcohol, he comments that "Man has staggered through history," and that by consuming "booze", Americans (especially the military) have found a way to be patriotic--since taxes on alcohol go for such things as education, welfare and alcoholic rehabilitation.

And while he is making you laugh, he introduces you to his world of music, and that world is "Ragtime"--the soul songs of days when mama was wearing bloomers, papa smoking Fatimas, the young dancing to the "Maple Leaf Rag," and ears listening to "I Got the Alcohol Blues," and "Nightingale Rag."



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21

A BIT OF ACTING

To give more support for the good ole days of Prohibition, Morath moves into a spotlighted character role, Mr. Dooley. Reminiscing on the evils of alcohol, he muses, "It's amazing how when things become fashionable, they become moral." And still another word from the wise, "Our grandfathers thought it (alcohol) was sinful, our fathers saw it as sophisticated, and now our sons call it old fashioned!"

Such lines as these are very similar to the ones that helped give excellence to Hal Holbrook's performance of Mark Twain. The laughter fed back, but Morath's

Mr. Dooley lacked the total characterization of Holbrook's Twain. Mr. Dooley was too superficial in the spotlighted sequences that were repeated throughout the evening. He should not have had to rush through what he had to say; old men don't have enough moments to waste. If Morath had accomplished portraying the old man completely--voice, gestures, senility--then he would have placed himself in a hallmark performance, not only as a musician and entertainer, but also as an actor.

But these flaws are minor when Morath moves into his own field, and that is music. He plays the piano, sings songs about sentimental journeys and those lovely girls in the old days. From solo performances that dominated the evening, Morath tests his own skill when he does a singing duet with a victrola. The music and words coming from the overhead loudspeakers are simulated as if actually being sounded from the Edison invention. The vaudeville rendition is perfectly timed--including the harmony, verses and jokes. This time neither man nor the machine compete, but work together to achieve a round of applause.

Songs, jokes and characterizations about booze, smoking and other mores of the time alone can be enough to set the scene, but this Norman Kean production adds a bit more to its colorful Early American stage setting. Hand-tinted, color slides, from the collections of John Ripley covering the Ragtime Era are flashed to the left and right of Morath, who is playing the piano in perfect ensemble. There is even a duet of Ragtime with a record, once again with intricate precision.

When the final slide of the show flashes "Good night," you wish it weren't and you wait, wondering how is Morath going to wind up the evening? And for his finale, he plays a tune that he explains is in the tradition of Ragtime, a hand-me-down piece that is nameless, faceless...and almost forgotten. The lyric that stands out most is, "I'm goin' where Ragtime is never heard...."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

M.S.: Why, I'm sure you mean the trial scene at which time all the witnesses against the assassins were kept from testifying?

MR. M: As I was saying, I do believe that their treatment of them was too harsh.

M.S.: I most definitely agree, that was the whole compelling, convincing, inspirational, maddening, enlightening, and moving message of the film--and so well conveyed.

Mr. M: Then you can imagine my disillusionment at the end of the film, when the cause of "right" was slighted....

M.S.: Yes, Yes!

Mr. M.: Imagine sentencing those two to prison for their role in eliminating that riot instigator....

M.S.: Uh,uh, thank you Mr. Milktoast for your comments....

Stranger: Excuse me, Miss Sheepishly?

M.S.: Why, who are you?

Stranger: I'm writing an article about "X", could you please give me your candid opinion?

M.S.: The X-ray or the book?

Stranger: Excuse me, I mistook you for somebody else.

M.S.: Oh, that's all right, stranger, I don't know you anyway.

And so we leave Miss Sheepishly until another timely comment on her nights and daze,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Lelouch is an interesting study in the myth of the young, avant-garde director. His first major film, "To Be A Crook" was a conversely delightful-poignant study of youth caught up in dreams that were not their own. (Amidou was also in that film). The next major venture was the charming "A Man and A Woman". The soap-opera story succeeded through a combination of sensitive acting, exciting music and luscious photography. That film was in turn followed by the over-produced "Live for Life", which suffered additionally from too broad a thematic scope, and the unfortunate presence of Candice Bergen (who can act but forgot to.) And now Lelouch has returned to the intimate, one-directional aspect of film-making. It is certainly a return to better form for him, for he is tremendously sensitive to the subtlest of nuances and those subtleties unfortunately lose themselves when he engages too large a subject.

"Life Love Death" will be at the Biograph for only one week (starting on the 12th), so make sure to catch it during that short period. It is certainly a film that deserves our patronage.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

"Stasis," unfortunately, is a film you may never see--one of those many fine movies bogged down in the film distribution mire in Amerika. It's a feature by Richard Kooris and Rod Whitaker, filmmakers who teach at the University of Texas. So far it's been in three international festivals--Atlanta, Mannheim and Leipzig.

It takes place during a riot in Gary--a white riot, it is implied. The scene is the office and basement of a nonviolent civil rights organization, whose units across the city are being raided by vigilantes. While the group tries to save the mailing lists and make contact with Mason, a liberal congressional candidate who is in hiding, the office militant baits William, the nonviolent leader.

Enter the vigilantes--a redneck preacher, a mean kid, a black in tow, and the leader, a repressed smoothie who refers to "our patron." They want to know where Mason is, to kill him, and if William won't say, he'll die. That threat is changed to killing the others, one by one, and the raiders carry it off.

As in "Z" the forces of moderation are in a bind that squeezes out their lives. What the police won't do, it's peoples' auxiliary will. What the unorganized radicals would do is ineffective. In "Stasis," the militant, working alone, chips a brick out of the wall of the room they're locked in, but never gets to use it.

In "Z" Manuel says, "Let the students tear the city apart." The students, with more zeal than organization, prove capable of painting Z (for Zei, "he Lives") on the street and getting clubbed into the wagons.

"Stasis" is in quick company with "Z", but though it was made without professional actors, on a budget of \$2,400, and though it could use some editing up front, the two can still be easily compared. Costa-Gavras would probably like it. Filmically, its ending is better than "Z's"--more in line with "Easy Rider..."

Write your local movie house and ask for it. Make your Voice count.

LOVE
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Friday Feb. 13
 5PM-film, "Capricious Summer", (AFI)
 National Gallery of Art
 6PM-Beginning of Now Love Festival
 Love Circus at Workshop, 1503 21st, NW
 7PM-film, "Coogan's Bluff", student
 union ballroom, U. of Md.
 8:30PM-film, (see 5PM)
 8:30PM-Concert- Oscar Ghilia, classical
 guitar, Lisner Auditorium
 8:30PM-Concert, New York Soloists,
 Coolidge Audit., Library of Congress
 8:30PM-Concert-Marshall Dodge, Folk-
 lore Society, Museum of History and
 technology
 8:30-Concert-Annual Valentine Pops Con-
 cert, National Symphony, Sheraton-Park
 8:30-Cocert- Chamber Music, Georgetown
 Symphony Orchestra, Gaston Hall, GU
 8:30- Play, "The House of Atreus Stone",
 CU Theater(529-6000)
 8:30-Plays, "Day of Absence" & "Johnnas",
 (black theater)Back Alley Theater,
 1635 JKennedy Street(723-2040)
 8:30-Musical, "Celebration", Trinity Theat-
 re, 36th& o (832-7919)
 9PM-film, see 7PM
 9PM-coffehouse at
 Iguana, basement of church, 14th&N
 Coffe Gate, basement of Church, 20th
 &G
 Stone's Throw, basement, 22nd&P
 Midinight-Underground films at the Circle
 and at the Janus(call for programs)
 Midnight-play, "Noon", by Terrance Mc-
 Nally, GU Theater, 3620 P.St. (333-1789)

SATURDAY... FEB 14
 1PM-Now Love Parade-starts at Workshop
 and goes to Corcoran Gallery-much music
 and many costumes
 7PM-film, see Friday 7PM
 8PM-film, "The Roundup", (AFI), National
 Gallery of Art
 8:30PM-Concert, Lou Rawls, Constitution Hall
 8:30PM-musical, "Celebration" see Friday
 9PM-Coffehouses, see Friday
 late additions
 3PM-Concert, Christopher Eschenback, piano,
 Lisner Aud.
 8PM-Concert, Lloyd McNeill, Marshall Hawkins
 at Workshop, 1503 21st St(\$2.50)

8:30PM-Plays, see Back Alley, Friday
 8:30PM-Play, see CU. Frø day
 8:30---Concert, Grand Funk Railroad
 and 5th Avenue Band, Lisner Aud.
 midnight-underground films, see Friday
 midnight-play, "Noon", see Friday

SUNDAY FEB. 15
 2:30PM-musical, "Celebration" see Friday
 3PM-Concert, Cleveland Orchestra, George
 Szell, conducting, Constitution Hall
 3PM-Free rock concert at Emergency
 2813 M St. NW
 3:30-Concert, Lloyd McNeill, at Workshop,
 1503 21st st. (\$1)
 7:30PM-Concert, Sly and the Family Stone,
 Constitution Hall
 7:30PM-Concert, Mahmud Mirza, sitar, at
 Lisner Aud.

TUESDAY FEB 17
 7:45PM-film, "Michelangelo, the Last Great
 Giant" Arl. County Library
 8PM-Concert, New Thing Jazz Workshop, with
 Marshall Hawkins Quintet, St. Margaret's
 Church, Conn. & Bancroft(\$1)
 8PM-World premiere of a new musical play,
 "Do You Know Where Your Children Are?",
 by Cary Engleberg and Lewis Black, GWU
 Center Theater, 21st& i , NW(call 676-7079)
 8:30PM-Concert, National Symphony, David
 Oistrakh, guest conductor and violinist, at
 Constitution Hall

WEDNESDAY FEB 18
 2PM-films, Museum of History and Tech-
 nology
 4:30-informal concert using instruments
 from the collection, Smithsonian Institute,
 History and Technology
 8PM-film, "Through a Glass Darkly", by
 Bergman, AU Kay Spiritual Ceneter, coffe
 & converstaion, .75¢
 8:30PM-Concert, Oistrakh, see Tuesday
 8:30PM-Musical, "Do You Know" see Tuesday

THURSDAY FEB 19
 7:30-film ben efit at Biograph, see
 ad
 8PM-Lecture at Institute for Applied
 Natural Science, 1726 Conn. Ave. (\$2
 8:30 PM-musical, "Do You Know..." see
 Tuesday

FRIDAY-FEB 20
 8:30PM-GENIUS- Marcel Marceau, panto-
 mim e , Lisner Aud.
 8:30PM-musical, "Celebration" see Friday 14
 8:30PM-musical, "Do You Know..." " "
 9PM-coffehouse, see Friday previous
 midnight-underground films, Friday previous
 midnight-"Noon", play, see Friday Previous

SATURDAY FEB 21
 8:30PM-Marcel Marceau, Lisner Aud.
 8:30PM-Concert, Solisti Veneti, Constitution
 Hall
 8:30PM-musical, "Celebration", see 13th
 8:30PM-musical, "Do You Know", see 13th
 9PM-coffe-houses, see 13th
 midnight-underground movies, see 13th
 midnight-play, "Noon", see 13th

SUNDAY FEB 22
 2PM-Marcel Marceau, Lisner Aud.
 2:30PM-musical, "Celebration", see 13th
 4PM-Concert, the Stockholm Philharmonic,
 Antal Dorati, conducting, Constitution Hall
 8PM-Concert, The Open Window, Lisner Aud.
 8PM-Concert, Choral Arts Society, An Evening
 of Italian Music, National Presbyterian,
 Nebraska & Van Ness, NW
 8PM-Concert, Ten Years After, CU

TUESDAY FEB 24
 8:15 PM-Concert, Baroque Arts Chamber
 Orchestra, Jefferson Jr. H. S., 8th&H, SW
 8:30PM-Dance Concert-Merce Cunningham
 Dance Company(with John Cage) Lisner
 8:30PM-Concert, National Symphony, with
 Leonard Pennario, Constitution Hall

WEDNESDAY FEB 25
 8PM-film, "Winter Light", by Bergmann, at
 AU Kay Spiritual Center, coffe&talk, 75¢
 8:30-Dance Concert-see 24th
 8:30-V Concert-Pennario, see 24th

THURSDAY FEB 26
 2PM-Concert, Pennario, see 24th

FRIDAY FEB 27
 9PM-coffehouse, see 13th
 midnight-underground movies, see 13th
 midnight-play, "Noon", see 13th

SATURDAY FEB28
 3PM-Concert, NY Pro Musica, Lisner
 8:30PM-Concert, Martha Argerich, at
 Constitution Hall
 9PM-coffehouses, see 13th
 midnight-underground movies, see 13th
 midnight-play, "Noon", see 13th



If you have an event you wish to list
 on the Calender, send information to
 5123 Mc Arthur Boulevard, NW

CALENDAR

RENAISSANCE

FEB. 18

ELIZABETH

FEB. 16-21

& FAT CITY

FEB. 23-25

COLD BLOOD

FEB. 26-8 AMERICAN DREAM

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